Where Humble Hearts Receive Him

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WHERE HUMBLE HEARTS RECEIVE HIM

MANY people, old and young, in lands afar, have made the discovery that for them, too, Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Unto Him they have gladly opened their hearts and minds and wills, to serve Him forever in the world-embracing fellowship of His Body, the Church.

In the pages of this book, one may come to know some of these people and rejoice with them in their new-found faith.

WHERE HUMBLE HEARTS RECEIVE HIM

JESSE R. WILSON, *Editor*

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INDEX

		PAGE
Foreword		
I.	In Simple Trust	7
II.	Young, Strong, and Free	18
III.	By Gentleness and Love	30
IV.	No Longer Dark with Fears	40
V.	Everywhere Preaching	49
Epilogue: Needs Yet Unmet		59

Pam
Misc.

FOREWORD

"No ear may hear His coming
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in."
—Phillips Brooks

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him.
—*Revelation*

THE coming of Jesus Christ into the world is the most significant fact of human history. His coming, however, is not only a fact of history. It is also something that happens today. It is a story new every morning. It is history which repeats itself daily. For Jesus who entered into the world nineteen hundred years ago as Bethlehem's Babe enters into human hearts today, every day, as Lord and Saviour. And this fact, even in a world of momentous events, is far more significant that all else besides.

As great as it is, however, this fact and the transforming experiences that flow from it seldom catch the focus of our attention. We may give casual heed to it, but we are intent on other things. At present we are all aflame with concern over the clash of arms and the councils of diplomats, thinking that by them the peace and welfare of the world will be secured. In our eagerness to discern what the world may be coming to, we often forget what has come to the world in and through Jesus who today, also, silently enters into the lives of humble men and women in all lands and makes them new creatures in a new universe where continuing peace and joy are not dependent on outward circumstance.

May it not, therefore, be worth while occasionally to forget the morning paper and to move out even to some of the faraway places where Jesus Christ stands at the door and knocks, and where humble hearts receive Him in all joy and gladness, and where for them, and for others through them, life takes its color not so much from the passing scene as from a new and eternal setting?

The brief sketches in this small book will help us to do just this. With only very few exceptions, they have been taken from the report letters of missionaries. All of them are of recent date and are convincing evidence that the transforming power of the gospel which has characterized the missionary movement of the past is still operating in our day. The stories are largely in the words of the missionary whose name appears after each one. Only necessary editorial changes have been made, and the editor in setting them forth in this form has exercised great care to preserve their essential message and their original flavor.

Here they are, then, beautiful and illuminating experiences, freshly recorded by men and women missionaries on Northern Baptist mission fields whose faithful witness to Christ and loving ministry in His name have, by the power of the Spirit, brought them to pass.

J. R. W.

New York, N. Y.

I

IN SIMPLE TRUST

"In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian Sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them without a word,
Rise up and follow thee."

—J. G. Whittier

And Together They Walked

At one of the annual gatherings for the Lufuilu and Zikomba churches, a little old woman was among the candidates for baptism. Comparatively few of the women of Belgian Congo live to become old. Their life is too hard in every way for that. If a person does live until his hair turns gray, it is exceedingly hard for him to turn away from superstition, from belief in fetishes, from the fear of the powers of evil which has gripped him from his very childhood.

Kambamba impressed herself upon my mind because of her appearance. No charms were hung around her neck or wrists; no soot or dirt was smeared over her body; even the meager cloth that covered her was clean. The really outstanding thing, however, was the look on her face. She just beamed with happiness. How different from the usual half-stupid, half-fearful glance that I was used to from the older women!

She gave a sincere, convincing account of her turning from the old fetishes and belief in witchcraft to her faith in Jesus Christ as her Saviour. Although she was far too old ever to try to learn to read, she had memorized passages of Scripture which she could repeat to herself. She was baptized, and fairly glowed as she came out of the water.

The following year, the annual gathering was in another part of the district, across the wide Kwango river, over a great plain, in a village situated on top of a high hill. One of the first to come and greet us when we arrived was Kambamba. I clapped my hands politely in response to her greeting, and then expressed surprise that she should have been able to walk so far to attend the meeting.

"Yes, Tata," she replied, "the road was long, and it did eat up my old feet. But I *had* to come. You see, my husband is going to be baptized this year."

There he was, a gray-haired man, eager for baptism, a little afraid that he might not be able to pass the examination before the deacons and pastors. He was, however, very sure that he knew and wanted to follow the Lord whom his wife loved and served. And so he was baptized. As he came up out of the water his wife was waiting for him on the bank of the little stream and together they walked up the hill. It was a sight I shall never forget.

B. W. Armstrong
Kikongo, Belgian Congo

The Head Man's Story

Our hearts rejoiced when twenty mountaineers attended the Iloilo Provincial Church Conference held in Dumangas. After each session, these mountaineers would gather in the open space in front of the church. They sold little woven purses to help defray their traveling expenses and danced their simple mountain folk-dances to rhythm beaten out on gong and drum. One noon as the crowd stood watching, the head man told the story of how he became a Christian.

"I was an outlaw," he said, "afraid of every man and with every man afraid of me. When your missionary pastors tried to make friends, I would not be friendly. After two years, they interested me in starting a school for my children, but it took another year before I was ready to give my heart to Christ. After my baptism, I became very sick and my brothers and sisters said that my affliction was a punishment for leaving our old religion. They urged me to go back to it and to call in a witch-doctor to cure me. But I said, 'I will never give up my belief in Jesus Christ and this new religion. If God wants me to die now, I shall

die in my new faith.' Then I had a dream that an American woman missionary stood by me and told me what to take to get well. I took it and became all right. If your pastors had never come to the mountains to find us, I would still be living in darkness and you would not be seeing my face now. As it is, I am enjoying your Christian fellowship and praising God in your presence."

MRS. A. E. BIGELOW
Iloilo, Philippine Islands

From The Naga Tribes

FAR up in the Naga Hills of Assam are located the strong tribal group known as Changs. In one village of these capable but cruel people live two brothers, whose mother had rescued them from the raiders who had killed their father. These two have now accepted Christ. One of them, a chief in the village, is a man of much power. The older one was head interpreter at the Mokokchung Court, and for thirty years was the chief spokesman for the British power. But his health was ruined by drink, and this year he became seriously ill. Although he had rejected many opportunities for accepting Christ, he has now sought salvation.

Another Chang man, who, on a punitive expedition into the borderland of Burma, had by quick action saved the officials from an ambush attack, was decorated by the King-Emperor. This man, also, has accepted Christ and with his family is making a real contribution to the work in Mokokchung, and the conversion of his people is on his heart.

Another man who was a headhunter bequeathed to his two sons some emblems of savage raids which were the pride of his clan. He left them also numerous wives and

much wealth. Before he died he had asked for someone to teach him about Christ, but his sons had refused to comply with his request, and at his burial they performed a heathen rite. Something, however, seemed to reach their hearts, for now the two sons are Christians and regret the years and the wealth which they have wasted in pagan worship.

The Konyaks, another border hills tribe, are a fierce headhunting people. Their features are disfigured by tatoo marks, beetlenut-chewing, and opium-eating. Now at last they are beginning to heed the call of Christ. A prominent man in one of the villages has accepted Christ and is suffering much persecution because of his new faith. We have there now a very active Christian community, and we pray that this open door may not be closed again.

Impur, Assam
B. I. Anderson

A Yunnan Leper

Three years ago, Ai Kawn, a leper, came to us from across the border in Yunnan, China. He had heard we treated leprosy. But as he had a family to support he did not wish to join the colony. He asked to be treated and to be allowed to live in the old site of the leper colony, near our compound, just outside the city wall. He would pay for the treatment. Permission was granted. He paid for a year or more but after that he was treated free of charge. As the months passed, he showed improvement.

Last year he brought his whole family, a wife, three girls, and a young boy. He asked permission for them to live in the Christian village, while he continued to live in his old quarters. They built a fine tile-roofed house. Soon thereafter, the wife and two daughters were among those ex-

amined for baptism. E Hseng, the fifteen-year-old daughter, answered the questions we asked better than anyone else. Later the old man himself was persuaded to come. At first, in response to the questions, he humbly said he did not know anything, but as the examination continued, his answers revealed a deep understanding of the gospel, and his confession was all that one could ask.

R. S. Buker, M.D.
Kengtung, Burma

Once Feared, Now Loved

The life of the old Nam Pak Leun chief is clear evidence of the transforming power of the gospel. He is a man over eighty, but aside from eye trouble he is still hale and hearty. He had been known on the China side of the Burma border as one of the greatest Lahu fighters and had been a terror to all who knew him. When we first arrived, he was foremost among those who opposed the work, and made many threats of violence. The threats were not to be passed over lightly, because he was a man more of action than of words. Several visits to his village on preaching missions had produced little noticeable effect. Report after report came that he was beating his villagers, and his threats against the work increased.

One morning, however, his son-in-law came with a message from him: of how he had been thinking of what we had told him, and that he had developed a sudden longing to turn from his evil ways. We went at once and found that he was a different man. Everywhere people began to talk about the great change that had taken place; "For now," they observed, "he is kind and does all he can for others." Among other things, he had paid back old fines

of years' standing—fines which had been unjustly imposed, and had built a chapel.

The preaching of the cross is still the power of God; it removes all traces of the old life and makes men new creatures in Christ.

HAROLD M. YOUNG
Lashio, Burma

Run-away Wives Return

ON ONE of the Bengal-Orissa fields five brothers decided to accept Christ. The wives of two of them, however refused to do so. "We will run away. We will take poison, but we will never be Christians." This gave the men great concern, but even so they remained firm in their decision. The women slipped away into the jungle but they had not reckoned with the power of prayer. A group of eight Christians began to pray for them. They kept on for two hours when prayer turned to praise because of the return of one of the wives. Later the other also returned and the whole group was baptized.

One mother forcibly dragged her daughter away from a baptism and from her husband for fear she, too, might become a Christian. Later she returned and both she and her husband were baptized. Later still ten from among the Kora people followed Christ in baptism, and at that time also a wife on her own initiative ran away to her mother—a favorite method a wife has of taking revenge on her husband. But she, too, returned and with her husband applied for baptism. In both cases, therefore, "home to mother" finally turned out to be "home to Christ."

JOHN A. HOWARD
Khargpur, Bengal-Orissa

A Wind-Blown Tract

In one of the places we visited was a young man of the coolie class who had a Bible under his arm. This was conspicuous, for while a New Testament or gospel portion would be within his reach, he would hardly be expected to own a two-and-a-half-rupee Bible. When I asked him about it, he opened the Bible to a place where there was a small, worn, discolored tract. He had seen it one day being blown about the jungle. He ran after it, and though he could not read, he took it home and had someone read it to him. It had a strong Christian message and touched him deeply. He was thoroughly converted and later was baptized. At odd moments and at night he learned to read. Because he was eager to read the Bible he saved the money and bought the one which had attracted our attention.

Mrs. A. M. Boggs
Kurnool, South India

More Than Healing

Govindulu Malliah came to the hospital as a patient in September. He had been attacked by a bear in his cornfield while he was trying to protect his crop. He had a wound on his hand and several others on his body. He was with us for nearly two months, and he and his wife learned much about Christ through the Bible women and the nurses. Before he left the hospital, he invited one of the Bible women and me to come to his home after the roads became passable.

One Sunday morning about a week before Christmas, we started out to find Malliah's village. We went in a two-

wheeled cart for about five miles, on the main road, and then walked the rest of the way following the rough bullock cart tracks. After passing a number of villages and walking about ten miles, we came in sight of Malliah's village.

A group of young men came to meet us. Malliah's son was among them. Another was Kanakayah who had been in the hospital with acute nephritis. I had not remembered that Kanakayah lived in that village and so was surprised to see him. He was happy to see his old friends from the hospital and greeted us with the joyful news that his mother, three brothers, and his brother's wife, all wanted to be Christians. Our Bible woman, although she arrived with blisters on her feet, having walked bare footed all the way over the stony road, was overjoyed to find that Kanakayah could repeat the Bible verses she had taught him in the hospital months before. Later I talked with Malliah, his wife, and sons, and found that thirteen of his family and relatives wanted to be baptized. As it was too late to return home that night, we stayed over night in Malliah's home. We had a meeting with those families, and with others who came, about sixty in all. After we closed the meeting they kept asking for more Christian songs. They did not want to stop singing for they had not forgotten the songs they had learned in the hospital.

SADIE ROBBINS, R. N.
Hanumakonda, South India

"The Village Of The Moon"

IN JULY 1934 the leper colony was moved out from the city of Kengtung some four miles. Within less than a mile of the colony is a rather large Shan village, Won Lun

("the Village of the Moon"). There is much traffic between the leper colony and Won Lun. About the colony are fish ponds old and new. There is firewood, too—enough for the people of Won Lun, and enough also to sell in Kengtung. Contacts between the people of the colony and the people of Won Lun were inevitable and difficulties were bound to arise during the first few years. Fortunately these have been few, and most of them have been amicably settled.

The lepers, poor in this world's goods, have one thing which the surrounding villagers have not—salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ. Slowly the blessed gospel has become known to others through them. At first, it was a thing accursed, but the promise that God's word will not return fruitless proved true. A very old man, so old he has forgotten his age, was picked by the Holy Spirit to be the first convert from the village. For several months he asked for baptism, but it was not granted because of the suspicion that he wanted material things more than spiritual. Finally after he had given evidence of being in earnest, had suffered persecution, and had revealed a reasonable understanding of the step he was taking, we baptized him. Our evangelist, on hearing that the people of Won Lun were interested, went out from time to time and continued the good work.

Later, the headman of Won Lun village, a very old man, was displaced because he stole a buffalo and sold it. About that time he became very much interested in Christianity and wanted to be baptized. His relatives, to harm him in the eyes of the Christians, tempted him with liquor. Often he came to church definitely under the influence of it. Here was a real temptation which this old man had to meet, for on this field it is practically impossible for anyone to pass a church committee if he is suspected of using liquor. He and all concerned knew this full well.

The old man's friends persecuted him terribly, but the Spirit of God continued to work. Others from the village became Christians, and finally the old man came with his

whole family. Those who prevented him at first are now encouraging him and they are also coming with him.

Wonder of wonders is the manifestation of God's power.

RAYMOND B. BUKER
Kengtung, Burma

I Sat Where He Sat

IN ONE of the villages we visited during a recent preaching mission, our group divided so that each might individually give his testimony. I found an old man squatting at the edge of the village ash-pit. He had a lamb's head on a stick, and was turning it slowly over a fire and scraping it clean. He was butcher for the caste people at the feasts, and the head of the animal, he said, was always given to him as payment for his work. Sitting near him, I told him of a people in Egypt long ago who roasted a whole lamb on a spit. He was amazed at such a procedure, but as the story went on, he suddenly stopped me: "Wait, I have to call my wife. Come here, you (and her name), listen to this," he called out. "This is just what we have been waiting for all our lives." Then open-heartedly and gratefully they both received the message of God's provision for our sin through Christ.

ERIC FRYKENBERG
Nalgonda, South India

II

YOUNG, STRONG, AND FREE

"Just as I am, young, strong, and free
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come."

—Marianne Hearn

A Filipina Girl's Decision

About ten years ago a girl from one of our barrio schools received one of the scholarships offered by Central College to valedictorian graduates of intermediate grades. She also obtained a work-student's job and thus earned her board. She was a ray of sunshine during her four years with us and became a strong Christian in her third year.

When Mrs. Asuncion Perez of the Associated Charities, working in Manila, visited our school, this girl was thrilled to hear of her work and determined to be just like her. By this time, she has already gone a long way toward fulfilling her dreams. In June she entered service with the Associated Charities as one of Mrs. Perez's helpers, having had the requisite preparation through five years of study in Manila at the University. She has dedicated her life to service for the unfortunate people of a large city, and a great career lies ahead of her. It all began when the little barrio Sunday school drew her away from a decidedly un-Christian home and an evil environment to a Christian school.

Mrs. A. E. Bigelow
Iloilo, Philippine Islands

The Faith of a Garo Boy

Emangiri (pronounced A-mahn-gee-ree), one of the largest villages in the Garo Hills, Assam, has over a hundred huts. The people used to be very proud of their reputation of being entirely non-Christian and did everything they could to keep Christians out. Their priests and witch-doctors were famous for their knowledge of myster-

ious poisons. Even non-Christian Garos were afraid to spend a night among them.

Missionaries and Garo evangelists, however, kept visiting this village, and finally a small school was opened by a Christian teacher. At the time of my first visit, this teacher was the only Christian there. Now there are about seven houses where the families are all Christians.

During one of my jungle tours, I came to this village while the people were celebrating a feast for the dead. It is the custom of the Garos to burn their dead, to put the ashes in a shallow hole, and to cover it with a flat stone. A small tube of bamboo is inserted beside the stone so that one end reaches to the ashes and the other remains above the ground. This allows the ghost of the dead to come and go during the year it remains in the village. After one year the ghost must leave for the hill of the spirits. At this time, in order to give the ghost a good send-off, a feast is held. It is a three-day-and-three-night affair, a continuous orgy of drunkenness, feasting, and sacrificing. Above all other noise can be heard the wailing for the departed and the rumble of the big drums.

I arrived during the first day of the feast. After treating a few sick people in the afternoon, we held an evening service in the little hut which served as a school. Because of the noise, it was hard to speak, but I showed stereoptican pictures of the Life of Christ.

After the service, a boy of about sixteen came to me saying that he had learned of Christ and had been accepted for baptism. He wanted me to baptize him then and there. I looked out at the drunken crowd and the torchlight dance which was going on and said, "Tomorrow I will be going to another village where there is no feast. If you will come with me I will baptize you there."

"No," he replied, "I want to be baptized in my own village. I want to witness for Christ here."

With many of the villagers drunk and boisterous, it seemed a dangerous thing to do. But in spite of all my objections, he insisted on being baptized then, and in his own

village. When I saw that in spite of the mocking and threatening of relatives and neighbors he wanted to witness for Christ, I agreed, not without misgivings, to baptize him the next morning.

It was impossible to sleep that night because of the shouting and the booming of the drums. From my grass hut I could see figures running to and fro between the campfires, and occasionally I could hear the weird crying of the women mourning for the departing ghost. Towards dawn I could hear the high-pitched voice of a priest calling upon various evil spirits as he offered a sacrifice to them.

At sunrise I went down to the stream with a little group of Christians. Hundreds of villagers lined the banks. I feared that there would be drunken quarrelling and mockery of what we were doing. What happened, however, showed that I need not have been anxious at all. As we sang a hymn and prayed, the crowd watched and listened in silence. There were no angry or mocking shouts as this Garo boy came up from the baptismal water with his new-found joy clearly showing in his face.

He is now studying in the Tura Middle English School. We hope that he will soon return to Emangiri, there to continue his witness for Christ.

E. Sheldon Downs, M. D.
Tura, Assam

Schooled For Sympathy

Tseo Bin Kuen, called "Christopher", by his friends came to Monroe Academy from a home of comfort and culture. After the death of his father, the family fortunes had changed. The mother was entirely unfitted to face a life of poverty, nor could she do anything to care

for her young sons; and so the boys had to shift for themselves. Christopher found work he could do in the early mornings. This provided him with a few coppers, but he was over-worked and undernourished.

The teachers became interested and called him to the attention of the missionaries. A little help was given and he was enabled to continue in school. At the age of fifteen, he became a Christian. Since then he has been most faithful in all Christian activities—organizing Sunday schools in country districts, helping individual boys to find Christ, teaching in night schools, telling stories to little children in the street, and even assisting in first-aid work. In his classes at school, he is a leader.

Christopher has definitely decided to give his life to the Christian ministry, and expects to enter the Theological College in Chengtu. He knows full well what difficulties lie ahead. He knows what it means to be hungry. This has made him sympathetic and understanding, and he will give a good account of himself as a minister.

Mrs. C. E. Tompkins
Suifu, West China

A Trek to the West

Yu Chien-Seng graduated from the Soochow Law School and left almost immediately for West China Union Theological College. He will spend three years there. Though Nanking Seminary, where most of the young men of this section study, is now in Shanghai, Yu Chien-Seng felt he wanted to go to the west to get into Free China. We began praying, and little by little we came to believe that this was God's plan for him. His latest letter

came from Chungking, which he had reached six weeks after leaving Soochow.

On the journey to the West, Yu Chien-Seng reported, he had met with many inconveniences: rains in the mountains which soaked his baggage; travel through a section where he and others had to hire an armed bodyguard of eight in order to insure their safety from robber-bands; dirty inns where the cost of food was high; five days in a small boat, so crowded that he could not stretch his limbs at night, and where walking by day was impossible; a four-day trip in a cargo truck which "got sick" every few miles and "refused to walk" and so had to be pushed over wet roads where the "wet sand jumped up into his face and into his mouth;" and finally, upon arrival at Chungking, when he had just unloaded his baggage, an air raid sent him into a mountain cave to sleep all night and remain until about 2:30 p.m. the next day. Even so, he has written a cheery letter from the home of his sister, who lives forty Chinese miles from the city of Chungking. He found that a brother and his wife were also there, and he was hoping there would soon be a real reunion. This, together with a number of other wonderful experiences, gave rise to this paragraph which he sent to our Baptist Young People's organization, of which he was president for a term:

> "I arrived here on August tenth. The first thing I did here was to run into a mountain hole in order to protect my life in air raids. These things keep my life busy here and therefore I can't have time to take care of my stomach. (Everyone teases him because he likes to eat so well.) I am now in my sister's home. My journey is safe and peaceful, a series of blessings from the Lord in whom I have the utmost confidence. This wonderful trip gives me a deeper love and belief in God. Through Him many glories I have seen."

LEA BLANCHE EDGAR
Shanghai, China

"Still Its Ancient Power"

THERE was a young man in Kengtung State, southeast of us, who had long been ill. He had tried everything to get relief. But finally he lost all hope and sent word to relatives to come for him so that he might die near his mother.

Now his mother was one of our new Christians and something of her life and testimony must have touched him. One day he said he would accept Christ as his Saviour, adding: "In Him will all be well with my soul." The Christians then got together and offered special prayer for him. After a few days he seemed better. His recovery was marvelous and he was soon up and around. Following his baptism he went with his mother to work in the rice fields and now he looks like a different man. He has made one trip back to his village to tell what the Lord has done for him. This is one of many instances where the Lord has healed both body and soul, and encouragement and inspiration has come to those who labor in the mountain villages of Lahu and Wa land.

HAROLD M. YOUNG
Lashio, Burma

A School Boy Shows the Way

EDISOI is a student in our high school at Kohima, Assam. He is from the Angami tribe. Baptized in 1940, he has since given many evidences of the depth and strength of his Christian faith. During the last December-January vacation period, he returned to his own village and so effec-

tively told others of Christ that four households became Christians. Often, on our field, when one member of the family becomes a Christian, all the others follow. Thus, as in New Testament times, we can speak of whole households that turn to Christ.

In this same village, there was a Christian who, for some twenty years, because of sin, had not let his light shine. Recently, however, he came forward with a confession and was restored to fellowship in the Body of Christ. His married son also followed his example and, whereas in this village a few months ago there was not one Christian family, now there are eight—all because one high school boy went back to his own people and told them of his newfound Lord and Saviour.

And the end is not yet. In this village not one of the older people can read. Edisoi taught some of the children during his two months' vacation, and he has enlisted the prayers of Christian friends in the school that a leader may be found for his village. God's Spirit is working in other villages of this tribe, also, and one of our evangelists recently reported that among all the tribe about a hundred people were awaiting baptism.

MRS. GEORGE W. SUPPLEE
Kohima, Assam

"I Did Not. . . . Oppose God"

Two young girls had come to believe in Jesus and wanted to be baptized. They wrote beautiful letters to their homes, for they had something worth while to say. Their fathers, however, forbade them to be baptized. It is no easy matter for a young girl in Assam to disobey her father. We waited to see what would happen. We asked

Mr. Cook to come and baptize some who were ready, and these girls also presented themselves and were baptized.

A few days later, seven people came in from the village of Majoli where these girls lived, planning to kidnap them. We, knowing nothing of this, allowed the girls to go to the bazaar. Fortunately, three of our Christian women went also, and more important still, although Mrs. Kirby had not planned to go to the bazaar until after tea, she felt she must go earlier. She arrived just in time to forestall the kidnappers.

Afterward, one of the girls wrote to her father: "I suppose you were sorry to hear that I had taken baptism. My father, you told me not to do so, but I knew I must be baptized. I did not want to oppose God, and the church has accepted me. Do not be sorry for me. I shall try to help you when I get more wisdom. I hope God will help me. Even if I have taken baptism, I shall not forget you."

H. W. Kirby, M. D.
Jorhat, Assam

With a Shout of Joy

Samuel Mfuta was a school boy at the Sona Bata station in Belgian Congo. He was a member of the church and in the upper class in school. All of our school boys work, and Mfuta, too, had a job. His work was in one of the missionary homes. Mfuta was a cook, but his work often led the missionary's wife to wonder if she should not stay at home instead of putting in long hours at the school. He was a capable boy, but was both careless and lazy and seemed to lack incentive.

The missionary started out one day on a long itinerary among villages far removed from the station. It was Mfuta's

job to go along and care for food and housing during the busy trip. Mfuta left the station, as he had always done, with dragging feet, carrying only a lantern, and feeling rather abused because he had to miss some days at school.

A month later, the caravan returned, and Mfuta was among the first to arrive. He came on the run and with a shout of joy. All of us were amazed to see that he had taken a place as pusher on the one-wheeled cart which served as the only means of transportation. Sweat ran down his face and cut creases through the dust that tried to cover a wide smile.

What a change! This is how it had come about: One evening, as the village people were sitting around the camp fire, the missionary told the Bible story of the man who had asked his two sons to work in the field. One had said he would, but did not. The other had said he would not but later went. Mfuta had listened to the story and learned its lesson. He opened his heart and let the light enter and it changed him from a sullen and unwilling worker into a faithful follower of Christ—one who after having received good training went to a district where trained workers were scarce. He is still there giving his life for his adopted people.

B. W. Armstrong
Kikongo, Belgian Congo

"He Has Come!"

Komaki San was a member of my Young Men's Bible Class. He stood out in the group because he was taller and heavier than most Japanese youth of his age, and more than ordinarily handsome. Not, however, for his physical appearance alone is he clearly etched in my

memory, but because of his unusual spirit and open-hearted response to Christ.

One day we were talking in the class of Jesus' attitude toward war. Komaki San said: "Well, we boys would much prefer prison to war in China, but there is the family."

It is hard for us in America to know how inextricably a Japanese youth is bound in the bundle of life with his family. Besides, in Japan as one grows older the limitations on one's freedom because of family ties increase rather than decrease, as is the custom with us. Children are allowed to do very much as they please, but restrictions multiply as childhood gives way to youth and youth to young manhood.

Furthermore, Komaki San's father was a retired army officer. Little choice was left to him, therefore, when the call came for service in China. He went because he had to go.

One day just before he left, the class was learning to sing in English the hymn which has in it these lines:

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee."

Young Komaki San stood at the piano singing it with the rest when suddenly he turned to the boy beside him in wonder: "*Kimashita!* (He has come!)"

Those of us who saw him had no doubt in our minds that, in response to the invitation which the boy had sung from his heart, the Lord had really come to him in that very moment, in a rich, joy-giving experience.

Before I left Japan, Komaki San had returned from China and was permitted to take a good position in a business firm. He began immediately to attend the local church and to help in its work. When I came home he sent a wireless message to my ship which read: "Praying for a peaceful return; hoping to meet you again."

—Mrs. J. F. Gressitt
Tokyo, Japan

The Weight on His Heart

MBONGO was one of the smaller boys in the boarding school at Kikongo. Although he was small, he had been responsible for a younger brother for some years. This little brother had died in the hospital at Kikongo, but Mbongo was kept on in the school.

One day when the missionary was just too busy to see anybody, Mbongo came to the door and knocked. His face registered distress, unhappiness, and fear. He was welcomed and in a quiet place the story came out along with tears. Mbongo had not received any help from older members of the family while he had struggled to take care of his brother. On the contrary, he had been pressed to send home small gifts from time to time. To meet these requests, he had resorted to petty thieving. Small bits of lumber had been pilfered and made into a little table to be sent home. Chalk, pencils, notebooks and other things also had been taken.

Now because Mbongo's guilty conscience was bothering him, he could not take part in prayer meetings with the other boys. His Bible memory work was a rebuke to him, and he wanted to get rid of the weight on his heart. He brought back as many of the stolen articles as he could find, and had procured money to pay for the rest. Could he be forgiven and find peace?

As two sinners saved by grace, the missionary and the boy knelt in prayer while the Holy Spirit did His work and the smile of gladness replaced the tears on Mbongo's face. He is now teaching others of this Saviour who brings release and saves and keeps and satisfies.

MRS. B. W. ARMSTRONG
Kikongo, Belgian Congo

III

BY GENTLENESS AND LOVE

"Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life."

—F. W. Faber

We Give Our Best In Love

When Ai Ngo first came to my attention, people asked if I would accept him in the hospital. He had tried Shan medicine and seemed to be dying. If I would take him, they said, and if he should get well, he and his wife would become Christians. This, of course, is a very unspiritual way of bargaining about one's soul, but it is the way the Shan mind thinks and it is often the unconverted person's idea of the Christian religion.

I am always very much upset when people come to me in that way, but I would be more so if I should find them becoming Christians in order to enter the hospital or to receive some of our other material blessings when they know nothing or care nothing about Jesus. However, problems like this with us are not academic; they are real and acute, and decisions must be made. Accordingly, I told Ai Ngo's relatives that the hospital is open to Christians and non-Christians alike and that any one who enters is free to decide for himself whether or not he wants to become a Christian.

The man was brought in, almost skin and bones, high fever, cough, in every way a very poor hospital risk! Week after week he hung between life and death. Finally, the turning point was reached and nearly all of the fever left. But by that time he had lost his mind. He knew nothing and acted like a fool for weeks. Then slowly but surely he began to gather strength. At first he could not walk. His leg was drawn up and the knee joint could not be easily straightened. This meant several weeks of straightening by manual force. It was very painful but it was the only way. Little by little, day by day, it became straighter. Again and again I had to carry him back to his bed. At times I treated him roughly so that he might not expose himself and die of pneumonia. Abscesses developed under his jaw, and an operation was necessary, and yet he did not die. Through all this siege his wife brought him food, and

some of his relatives came and watched over him at night and during the worst of his madness. Finally he was able to walk; his voice began to come back. He continued to improve and after some three weeks of convalescence I let him go home. Before he left, he attended church. Several months passed and one night he and his wife came up with sixteen others for baptism. They both acknowledged Jesus as their personal Saviour, and promised to love and follow His guidance all their lives.

RICHARD S. BUKER, M.D.
Kengtung, Burma

He Didn't Break the Rice Bowls

TWO years ago a chapel was opened in the town of Sui Tuin. An earnest Christian woman was put in charge. One of the early converts was the proprietor of a Chinese medicine shop. When he came before the church committee for examination, he showed evidence of a real conversion. A lay training class was announced for the city of Shaohing. One evening, the Bible woman in charge of the chapel telephoned to this young man urging him to attend the class for a two-weeks period. He wanted to attend, but if he did his wife would be alone in charge of the shop. As it was still the first month of the Chinese New Year when trade is light, that would not be so bad. But his wife was not enthusiastic about his spending two weeks away from home learning a strange doctrine, and so she began in a quiet way to place obstacles in his path. When he was occupied elsewhere, she locked his bedding-roll cover, Bible, and hymn book in a trunk and hid the key.

When he went upstairs to prepare his roll of bedding for the trip, he could not find the cover, and neither could

he find his Bible or hymn book. In response to his question his little daughter told him the things were upstairs in the trunk. He hurried upstairs and demanded the things of his wife in order that he might take an early boat to the city. The wife pretended to be asleep and paid no attention to his entreaties. Becoming angry he picked up a set of rice bowls and threatened to smash all of them if she did not tell him at once. This is a threat that is not infrequently used in the acute stage of family quarrels. Remembering, however, that he was a Christian, he put the bowls back on the table and went downstairs. Later he went back again and found his bed cover, Bible, and hymn book nicely laid out for him to take. Rejoicing, he hurriedly completed his preparations for the journey.

Just as he was about to leave the house, he thought that he ought not to go off without saying goodbye to his wife and so he called back to her. She replied, "Just bring me a nice pair of slippers when you return from the city."

A. F. Ufford
Shaohing, China

The Contagion of Real Goodness

Mr. Li is a young man from the tribes' country. He was educated at government expense and was given a job in a government office. He acts as an intermediary between his people and the Chinese. His interest in the Christian religion was first aroused by a companion who became a Christian and then helped to transform the community in which he lived. Mr. Li, greatly impressed by this, concluded that if the Christian faith could do that, he too wanted to be a Christian. He attended all of our classes and was accepted for membership.

Mrs. Ho is another example of how one is deeply influenced by the right kind of Christian living. She is nearly seventy, deaf and illiterate. Her husband, until his death last year, was the most influential Christian in Han Yuan. His sincerity and unselfishness so impressed his wife that she decided she wanted the kind of faith he had. Although Mrs. Ho cannot hear, she attends all the church services and by her devotion puts to shame her neighbors who profess but do not act.

C. G. Vichert
Yaan, West China

A Child Shall Lead Them

Hana-Ko (Little Flower) was the daughter of an official in the dockyard on an island in the Inland Sea, Japan. When she was only twelve years old, she was stricken with diphtheria. On the fourth day of her illness, she seemed to sense that she was not going to recover. That evening after her father's return from his work, she called her father and mother to her bedside.

"Parents, I know that I am not going to get well, but I am not afraid," she said. "It is because of the lessons I have learned and the stories I have heard at the Sunday School. It is because I know about the Good Shepherd who takes the little lambs in his bosom. I know that Jesus loved little children and that I shall be under the care of our loving Heavenly Father.

"But I can see that you, dear parents, are heavy with sadness and filled with fear. I wish that you could hear the beautiful stories of Jesus. You would not be afraid then, and you would find comfort. Won't you please promise me that after I am gone you will go down to the Christian church and learn about the way of peace and comfort?"

About a year from the little girl's death her father and mother were led down into the beautifully clear waters of the Inland Sea and baptized into the fellowship of the local Christian group. They had followed the wish of Hana-Ko and they had found peace and comfort.

MARLIN D. FARNUM
Tokyo, Japan

The Constraining Love of Christ

AMONG the girls to be baptized was Hsu Min Yin, a dear child of twelve years. As her parents are the caretakers at the kindergarten, she has always lived in the happy atmosphere of that beautiful place. Trees, grass, flowers, butterflies, and birds are everywhere, all of which have had their part in making glad the life of this little girl. At an early age she had entered the kindergarten. We all loved her for her sweet spirit and her charming ways. After finishing kindergarten, Hsu Min Yin entered the mission school for girls and continued her studies there. Now she is in the Junior High School. This school has been moved to the country so as to be in less danger of Japanese bombing. The expense of living and the tuition have been heavy, and we are glad that she could receive aid, a gift from a friend in the homeland, for her studies.

When Hsu Min Yin came before the church to give her testimony and to ask to be received for baptism, she said she had first heard of the Heavenly Father through the stories and songs in the kindergarten. There the Child Jesus had been brought to her in picture and story and she had learned of God's love through the lovely things about her. Then, as she went on in her school work, she had learned more of Him and the meaning of His life and teaching.

Another little girl of ten years who came to unite with the church was Han Sho Min. This little girl is fortunate in having back of her two generations of Christian home-life. The father is the son of a Christian minister, and the mother is a lovely, devoted young woman of beautiful Christian character. Upon being asked when she first heard of God, Han Sho Min said, "Why, my mother told me about Him when I was just a very little girl. I have always known about God's love for me." It was a picture of Christ, given to her from one of the White Cross boxes which led her definitely to decide to accept Him as her Lord and Master.

"I first heard of Jesus in kindergarten," said several girls among a group of thirty-eight who gave their testimony and were accepted for baptism in Suifu. The group had gathered on the lawn. Most of them were young people from the schools and from the Herman Liu Memorial Orphanage, where all spring there had been special preparatory classes for those who wished to enter the church. No one could doubt the sincerity of their faith as one after another they told their Christian experience.

"I didn't think much about the Christian way of life while in the Mission School," said one of the teachers, who is planning to attend the Christian University this fall. "It was only after I had gone to a Government School that I realized how very different was the whole atmosphere of a Christian school."

"As a little girl, I used to go into the home of a neighbor who was a Christian," said one student. "I thought her the most attractive woman on our street and always wanted to be like her. For many years I had no contact with Christians, but when I came to Suifu I entered the Christian school. And now I have found Christ as the secret of the attractiveness I so much admired in that friend of my childhood."

Mrs. C. E. Tompkins and Emma Brodbeck
Ipin, West China

Love and Faith Triumph

THE Shan chief of the Mung Ya district became a Christian three months ago. His mother had determined to bring up her son in the Buddhist faith. He was sent to a monastery school and accepted the religion and the customs of the Buddhists. Then he married a Kachin girl who had become a Christian while in our school at Namkham. In order to keep peace in the family she at first tried to put away her Christianity and went with her husband to the Buddhist shrines and festivals. But no matter how she tried, she could not believe in that religion. It all seemed childish and futile, all the worship and the prayers before the image of Buddha. As time went on, instead of his wife accompanying him to his Buddhist shrines, he came with her to the Christian meetings. Thus gradually he came to believe in Christ and today he is an active follower. Later, another prominent chief and his first assistant had the nat altars in their homes taken down. Thus the work goes on. During the year more than 250 families have decided to become members of the Christian fellowship.

GUSTAF A. SWORD
Kutkai, Burma

Winning a Karen Jockey

SAW Willie is a Karen. At an early age, he decided that Christian baptism would give him a respectable standing among his people. There was no thought of being born again, and he was baptized without much of a faith to live by.

Sometime later, Saw Willie became a jockey in the Rangoon Turf Club. He could ride, gamble, and swear with

the worst characters. He made the acquaintance of opium smugglers and opium addicts and trafficked in the drug. He learned to practice charms and the occult sciences. He was known to the police as a very clever person upon whom they could not fix incriminating evidence. There was evidence that he was accepted by all the gangs in Burma.

When Dr. Marshall met him, Willie's first greeting in excellent English was: "Good evening. You visit other people, why don't you visit me?" The outcome was that Dr. Marshall visited his home. Willie was given employment, grading the football field. Ah Bah succeeded in getting him to come to his five o'clock Bible Study class each morning. Willie began to go straight and continued for several months.

He was still weak, however, for when he went to Taunggyi with Dr. Marshall, he met some of his old cronies who persuaded him to drink again for old times' sake. This was a sad time for Dr. Marshall. He brought Willie back to Toungoo, but never once mentioned the lapse that had occurred. Two days later I took Willie with me not knowing exactly what had happened at Taunggyi, but knowing that something was wrong. For six days we talked very little. I could see he wanted to confess something. One day I taught the Bible story of John Mark, the young man who was given a second chance, and what Mark did after he was really changed and yielded to God. This was too much for Willie. Two days later, I suggested that we talk together. He looked steadily at me and then passionately burst forth,

"Thra, is it a sin to drink beer?"

"Willie," I replied, "with all the evidence we have that beer eventually destroys self-control and wrecks a life, any man who knows that and has once given himself to the better way of living with Jesus Christ sins if he drinks again. For by so doing he puts Christ to shame and breaks his own promise. Moreover, he refuses to let God's Holy Spirit empower and ennoble him in the crisis of his life."

"I see it now, Thra," said Willie.

Since then Willie has borne a wonderful testimony in Rangoon and elsewhere. Great is Christ's power to save. The days of miracles have not passed. Christ redeems men. His call to sinful men and women has still its ancient power. There are among the Karens several more changed personalities like Willie, and they are bringing to this whole group a new understanding of the gospel.

C. L. Klein
Toungoo, Burma

Her Own Servants First

One of our last year's patients was the wife of the postmaster general of the city. She was won to Christ through the efforts of nurses and staff members during her stay in the hospital. She became a very warm-hearted Christian and sought to win others to Christ. The first people won were her own servants, and it was a lovely sight to see her guide these servant girls into the baptismal waters.

She is a leader in our women's society and has organized groups to do evangelistic work among the people who come to our church air-raid shelter. Her wealth and social position mean that she has friends in higher circles, and she tries to help them too. She has been a Christian only three years, but she has learned rapidly because she is an educated woman and because she takes advantage of every Bible class and training institute offered.

Linnea Nelson
Kinhwa, East China

IV

NO LONGER DARK WITH FEARS

"In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadow'd thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears."

—Frank Mason North

Na Fu the Leper

When Na Fu, a Lahu woman, found grey spots of leprosy on her legs, her family called in the spirit doctors. Their diagnosis was the usual one: the spirits were offended and the family must do something to pacify them. The family sacrificed chickens, but the spots grew worse. They sacrificed more chickens, a cow, a buffalo, but Na Fu did not recover, and her husband and children were now lepers. The family was now reduced to poverty and despair.

One day they heard that leprosy was being cured in the colony. They set out at once to walk there. But the way was long, and their legs, covered with leprous sores, almost gave out. When they reached the colony, they were ill and exhausted. A few months of treatment and good food did wonders for the family. Strength returned and they were able to help with the work in the colony. Better still, they heard of Jesus Christ. No longer need they fear the spirits. The best pupil in the Bible class was Na Fu, and she was the first to pray. None answered better the questions asked in the examination for baptism. Today she is still a leper, but there is little outward sign of the disease and her face is lovely with a great inward happiness.

Mrs. D. O. Smith
Taunggyi, Burma

Christ and the Sorceress

An epidemic in Ellamanda Reddi's village brought the usual visit of the sorceress who ascribed the trouble to the fact that Ellamanda Reddi had renounced his allegiance to the Hindu deities and had refused to have anything to do with the sorceress. If he would go on a pilgrimage to Mallayya for worship and wear the *bottu*

mark on his forehead, the scourge would cease. But if not, he and the whole village must suffer the consequences. Unmoved by the threats of the sorceress or by the pleading of his son and others to avert the threatened evil by appeasing the wrath of the deity, Ellamanda Reddi affirmed that he would commit everything to Christ, and that Christ would not permit any evil to come. His faith and courage brought victory for himself and enabled him to be of great help to others.

S. W. Stenger
Narsaravupett, South India

Breaking with a Heathen Past

A few Sundays ago we witnessed an interesting sight. In Lailo, a nearby village, two families had decided to become Christians. Sunday afternoon, accompanied by several members of the Tiddim church, we walked down the four miles to the village. We met in one of the homes that was to become Christian. First, we had a worship service. One of the preachers gave a talk in which he set forth the privileges and obligations of followers of Christ. Then the missionary gave a short evangelistic message.

When the service was over, the two preachers from Tiddim, together with the head of the home, went through the entire house, gathering up all the objects relating to their former worship of "nats" or evil spirits. All these objects were carried out and thrown into the jungle. A small stone fireplace, used only in the preparation of a meat-offering to appease the spirits of ancestors, was torn up and destroyed. Gourds, which had been fashioned into cups to catch and hold the blood of the sacrificial animals, to be set apart to satisfy the nats, were likewise discarded.

In the front yard were two tall poles for use in the worship of the spirits. These were pulled up and carried away.

During the cleaning-up process, one of the preachers stopped as he was passing by the mother of the home. He looked down at the little baby in the mother's arms, and called for a knife. Wondering what he would do, we stepped up to see. He used the knife to cut a string around the wrist of the baby. This fetish, used to ward off disease, consisted solely of a few strands of dog hair, tied in a small bunch.

After this we proceeded to the other home, where a similar service was conducted with another Christian housecleaning.

FRANKLIN AND PHILEDA NELSON
Tiddim, Chin Hills, Burma

An Amateur Sorcerer Returns

A BOY ten years of age had been picked up by a former missionary and educated in our boarding school, taking the name of David. He had no family, and there were no Christians in his village. For about two years he stayed in the school, after which he returned to his village. Some time later the mission lost contact with him, and the last we had heard was that he had reverted to the religion of his fathers—the last until his recent return. Then we learned this story:

Being able to read, David had become a leader in his community. He had acquired some books which dealt with the subject of sorcery and magic and had become a sorcerer and an important person! He fared well until the dreaded cholera broke out in his village. The superstitious population, like the crew on the ship in which Jonah fled, then began to look for the cause of their trouble. Their sus-

picions fell on this young man whom they knew to be in contact with mysterious powers. They laid hold of him, tied him to a tree, and forcibly removed two of his upper front teeth. (It is a common belief that with those teeth missing the incantations of a sorcerer become powerless.) Some threatened to kill him. They also took away his books. The end of the story is that David, beginning to realize from his woeful experience the estate from which he had fallen, had now returned to us to ask for a New Testament in evidence of a new spiritual awakening. The awakening soon came to his village also.

J. P. Klahsen
Madira, Deccan, South India

No Need For Fetishes

Mukoko was one of the young Christian village teachers in the Kikongo field. His wife was a Christian and went with him wherever his work called him. This is rather unusual in certain tribes. A girl's relatives always want her to live near them; and if her husband's work calls him farther away, especially if he is a Christian teacher, she is often compelled to stay at home.

When Mukoko became ill, his wife brought him to the mission hospital. The disease was incurable, and, through a long illness, he gradually wasted away. Pressure was put upon him by his own family and his wife's relatives to return to his village. They wanted to consult the family spirits and let the witch doctor apply his fetishes to see if Mukoko might not get well.

When Mukoko refused their pleading, they tried threatening. When this, too, failed, they disowned him as one of the family and declared that they would neither bury his

body nor mourn his death. This was the worst threat possible. But Mukoko's only answer was: "I am a Christian, and I shall die a Christian. What does my body matter after my spirit is with Christ? I can on no account join with you in any matter connected with fetishes."

The relatives left him. But his wife never wavered in her determination to stand by him, and to hold fast to her own Christian faith. Again and again we marveled at her courage and steadfastness.

Mukoko died. Then the brother, who had been foremost in making the threats, became badly frightened. He was sure that Mukoko's spirit would come back to haunt him, and so he came to the mission station and asked for the body in order that it might be interred in the native village. Mukoko's wife refused. She knew that they wanted to observe the old heathen ceremonies over the dead, and this she would not allow. At her request, the funeral was held and burial took place on the mission station.

The whole incident is in graphic contrast to a heathen burial. This young Christian woman did not mourn as one who has no hope. Her testimony was to Him in whom she had believed, for she knew that He was able to keep that which she had committed to Him.

Mrs. B. W. Armstrong
Kikongo, Belgian Congo

If I Perish, I Perish

A chief from one of the mountain villages came down to Bhamo one year for our annual Bible conference. He sat through two weeks, but it did not make much sense to him. Occasionally, something would appeal to him, but the whole structure—the thing that we call the historic

Christian faith—he could not get. After the Conference closed, however, he stayed on for two days with a teacher in the town, of whom he asked many questions. These questions turned chiefly on what this Christian faith had meant personally to the teacher, what he had received from it, and how it had made life different for him.

It so happened that this teacher had gone through a most severe testing. After having become a Christian, he had turned away from the Christian faith for a time, and had gone first to the Buddhist, then to Hindu, and then to Mohammedan teachers to ask what they had in their teaching, their faith, which would answer the questions which trouble men's minds. Nowhere had he found a satisfying answer, and so he came back again to the Christian faith with a deeper assurance and a tighter grip than he had ever had before.

For two or three days the village chief questioned this teacher and listened to him as he taught both from the Old and the New Testaments. Finally, he said, "This is what I want." He started back to his village. As he walked along, he thought some more. When he had been for two days on the road, and had had much time to think, he began to ask himself: "What would we do if somebody should get sick in the village?" Because his mind was still not clear on such matters, he turned aside and went to the home of one of our preachers and stayed with him for some days in order to ask more questions.

When he reached his own village, he told his people what had happened. Then he said: "This is the way we are now going to live; we shall try out this new faith to see if it will work for us." His people did not object to anything which would offer them relief from the anxiety that filled their lives. But when the chief said, "Now the first thing we are going to do as Christians is to tear down the altars which are around the village for we must make no more sacrifices to evil spirits," they were frightened. "What does he propose to do? Will he take away the only basis of security we know? What will happen if some-

one gets sick? What if a drought comes, or a storm? Perhaps even tonight the spirits will destroy this house." With these questions in their minds and on their lips, they ran away in fright.

The chief, however, was undaunted. With his own hands, he tore the bamboo altars down and threw them away. Then he said, "I shall now make a further test, a final test. If the spirits are angry, as everyone thinks, I'll make it easy for them to visit their anger on me and have it over with. I'll sleep in the corner where their altars have been."

It is hard for us to realize what this meant, but for him and for the Kachins it was a real test, because very few Kachins, even in the daytime, will go into a corner where the altars stand, unless perchance a priest is near to say the right ritualistic words. When, therefore, the chief resolved to sleep at night in the corner from which the altars had been irreverently removed, he was doing a most courageous thing.

He probably did not sleep much that night, but he stayed there. He stayed because the teachers had told him that their God, the real God, whose Son had come into the world that we might have fellowship with Him, was more powerful than the spirits whose altars had been torn down, and because he himself now believed this and wanted to test it out. He stayed on, therefore, through the long night, and when the people who had run away came the next morning to see if he were still there, and whether anything had happened to him, they found him unharmed and unafraid, happy and assured.

The chief has tested his new-found faith in many other ways since then, and he has learned a great deal more about what it means to be a Christian. His vision has widened; his experience has compassed more of life; his trust in Christ has deepened. Other occasions have brought him evidence of the power of the Father into whose hands he committed his life that night. Now, everywhere he goes, in the bazaar, in the councils of the chiefs, in any place

where he can find those who are willing to listen, he tells them about his experience and what fellowship with Christ has meant to him.

It is on men like this and upon experiences like this that we must fix our thought when we are asked if the Christian religion has really taken root among these people north of the Burma Road.

J. Martin England
Bhamo, Burma

V

EVERYWHERE PREACHING

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone."

—FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

In a Buddhist Monastery

It was the last day of the Buddhist Lent festival. The ruler of the country, called a Sawbwa, was in the Buddhist monastery. He sent word to the Shan evangelist to come to him at the monastery. With considerable concern over the course the Sawbwa might pursue in his opposition to Christian preaching, the evangelist went. Upon arrival the Sawbwa called the Hku Ba, the highest Buddhist monk, and his immediate associates, all ranking priests of Buddhism. Into the monastery also came all the important officials of the State. When they were all assembled, the Sawbwa turned to the evangelist and asked him to tell them the gospel. And then, for three hours, directly beneath the huge idol of Buddha, the story of Jesus, Son of God and Saviour of man, was preached.

Instead of anger and opposition, interest and what might be called conviction were evidenced in the questions and sustained attention of the listening group. What a change in eighteen years! Some of the very officials who had driven earlier missionaries from the Valley were now listening eagerly to the gospel. And there before all they confessed: "What a mistake we made that we did not receive those missionaries long ago!"

Raymond B. Buker
Kengtung, Burma

Hayashi of Osaka

Kokin Hayashi was a machinist in the big industrial city of Osaka. He was the rice-winner for his mother. Across the man-made Shinyodo River in the suburb of Juso

the new Mead Christian Center was being opened. Kokin attended the Sunday evening meetings and lectures. The speakers were usually Japanese pastors and professors, but now and then the missionary would preach. The missionary was a young man who spoke Japanese none too clearly, but that made it more interesting for Kokin because he himself was studying a foreign language—English.

One evening the young missionary announced that he was soon to return to America and this would be his last sermon. The theme was personal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Kokin resolved that evening that he would become a Christian. This he told the missionary a few nights later when the Christian believers were giving the missionary family a farewell reception.

Pastor Hashimoto of the Naniwa Baptist Church continued to instruct Kokin and finally baptized him. Kokin worked at his trade but renewed his studies and used his spare time at the Mead Christian Center in work for children. Toyohiko Kagawa became his hero, and one day Kokin obtained an interview with him. To his joy and surprise, Dr. Kagawa promised to aid him in obtaining an education.

Upon finishing the lower courses in theology, his own church in Osaka called him to be its pastor. He was just learning how difficult it is to do Christian work in a big city when he was drafted for military training. The training barracks were in Osaka and he was able to visit his church occasionally. The men in the army learned that he was a Christian. They had seen his New Testament and taken it from him. His officers were scoffers at anything but State Shinto and subjected him to petty persecutions believing that his Christian faith might be a mere sentimental allegiance. Though often cuffed and laughed at he was always patient and steadfast.

When he had finished his military training, he returned to his pulpit, and his church heard his earnest appeals with greater respect than ever. He began to interest himself in the delivery boys who darted about the streets of Osaka on

their bicycles like dragon flies over a canal. They crowded his church for the evening meetings. Likewise, the *lumpen,* the homeless and outcaste people who live where they may and make their living from the rubbage dumps, drew strongly upon his sympathies. Finally, in emulation of Toyohiko Kagawa, Kokin plunged into the Kamagasaki slum in the southern part of Osaka, on the edge of a notorious brothel district. His missionary and his church members shook doubtful heads over this decision, but his mind was resolved and he did not change. Into the slums he went, without any assured income.

Such devotion had its reward. Strong and able church laymen dug into their pockets, the Japan Baptist Convention made an unasked-for appropriation, and openings to teach in the Y.W.C.A. came his way. About him he gathered the waifs, the underprivileged, and the friendly children of the slums until his two small rooms were always overrun. He found that he always had an audience and many to serve. He contracted tracoma, but by wise care his eyesight was preserved.

As the summer of 1937 approached, he prepared to take a group of his slum children to a beautiful B.Y.P.U. camp in mountain-and-stream-surrounded Inagawa. While there with the children, word came that he was summoned for immediate service in the army in China. His unit sailed and he was sent through Peking to the districts beyond. Infrequently, censored cards came to his friends in Osaka, saying that he was uninjured and well. Year after year passed, and not even a furlough was granted until the spring of 1940, when his unit was moved into Korea. Kokin had proved himself, and he was permitted to return to Osaka to be married. The wedding took place in the Naniwa Baptist Church, and Dr. Kagawa came especially to perform the ceremony. Kokin and his bride hastened back to Korea, and soon afterward he was mustered out.

One day he came to the missionary's home to announce his return to the house in the slums. He began now a wider work in evangelism. So few of his fellow soldiers

were Christians that he was determined to preach Christ with a zeal before unknown. Young people heard him gladly, and he is going forward in the conviction that Christianity alone will be the solution of the problems of East Asia.

JOHN A. FOOTE
Osaka, Japan

Narsamma's Witness

ONE Sunday dear old Venkatamma, all stooped with hard work and old age, appeared on our front veranda asking for baptism. She told us that Christ had come to her in a vision and told her that she must confess Him by baptism. Her testimony was clear, her sincerity beyond question, and we baptized her that same Lord's day. Then we thanked God, and worked on with new hope and courage.

A month or two later, Venkatamma came to us with another Wadda woman named Narsamma. Narsamma was not so old, but she, too, was bent with years of toil and disease. She, also, had seen Christ in a vision and had heard His voice in her soul telling her to confess Him as her Saviour. We received her gladly.

It was not long before we discovered that this second convert, Narsamma, was attending Christian services and festivals in the villages and that in some way she had learned to pray and sing. She had also begun to bear witness to her non-Christian relatives and neighbors. The relatives told us with wonder, and a touch of pride and respect, that when they offered sacrifices to their tribal goddesses neither Venkatamma nor Narsamma would cook or eat the meat of the animals sacrificed.

Old Chandramma was our third convert. Then for two or three years we had no more baptisms from among the Waddas. But the daily, faithful Christian lives and testimony of Venkatamma and Narsamma were working as leaven in the minds and hearts of the people in their village of Katuriwaripalem. Possessed of more than ordinary energy and decision of character and too old to dig wells or carry away the soil excavated, Narsamma began to give almost all of her time to winning others to Christ. Not only did she visit her own people, the Waddas, but people of high caste, low caste, or no caste, without distinction. One Sunday afternoon people from the little out-caste Madiga hamlet, just beyond Katuriwaripalem, came saying: "You have forgotten and neglected us, but Wadda Narsamma comes frequently and sings for us and prays with us."

Narsamma's method of work is very simple. She sings a song, based on songs she has partially learned but worked over and adapted, and then, lifting her clasped hands above her head, she prays to Christ. After this, she gives her testimony and exhortation. Sincere, self-respecting, fearless, fervent, intelligent, eager to learn and quick to grasp new truth to use in her own original and inimitable way, Narsamma has developed into an ideal lay worker.

One woman whom she brought for baptism could not answer all the questions asked. Some thought it might be better for her to wait, but Narsamma said: "I will keep teaching her. Her husband has given her permission to come for baptism at last; do not send her away unbaptized." Because of this, and also because the woman frankly confessed that although she knew little about the wonderful Heavenly Father she believed in Him and no longer believed in idols, we accepted and baptized her, knowing that as in our hearts so also in heaven there was joy over this new convert.

Narsamma has never asked for any material help, nor have we offered her any. She has faithfully visited the homes of the high caste people in her village, even the wife

of the Brahman school teacher, to tell her of Christ's death on the cross for sinners. This year, largely as a result of her personal efforts and teaching, five Wadda men, and a woman of another caste in that village, have also received baptism.

T. V. Witter
Podili, South India

On a One-String Guitar

Jesuratnam is a caste Christian. His name means "the jewel of Jesus." He has a certificate to practice Indian medicine and his work takes him to many of the villages surrounding his home. He has a guitar. It is made of a very large pumpkin shell attached to a bamboo stick and has only one string, which provides the dominant note so necessary to Telugu music. He and his wife carry on their evangelistic work entirely without mission aid. Their method of presenting the gospel is by repeating scripture from memory. For example, his wife will quote John 3: 16 and then he will add the weight of his testimony to the truth contained in this verse by again repeating the verse, by commenting on it, and by singing a Christian lyric further to illustrate its truth.

Jesuratnam's house burned down. He sent a brief report of this matter to me but never a word of complaint. When I visited his village later, I found that he had put up a temporary structure anticipating the time when he can rebuild. Even in the improvised house, he and his wife have a real Christian home.

Edwin Erickson
Narsaravapett, South India

Not Disobedient

MANY years ago in the Nowgong District of Assam, there was an evangelist named Coin. He was a very simple man without much education. Because of complaints received about his lack of personal cleanliness, he had to be dismissed. For some thirteen years, I did not see him, and then one day as I was addressing our annual association of churches he came into the meeting and half way up to the front.

I stopped my speech and said, "This is Coin, is it not?" He said, "Yes." And then I gave him my greetings and said that I had heard that he had gone across the Brahmaputra River and had established a church there. He replied, "Yes that is right; I was privileged to establish two."

After the meeting, I had a talk with him and learned why he had gone across the river. It is a story like that of the early apostles. One night he had had a dream in which a man came to him and told him to go to a town beyond the river and tell the story of Jesus. He was to go to a bazaar and stand at a certain place for half an hour and afterwards go to a big house and inquire for someone who wanted to become a Christian. When he awoke in the morning, he remembered his dream, but he did not go.

Some months later he had another dream. Once more a man came to him and told him to go to the same bazaar and to the same house and to inquire for one who wanted to become a Christian and to tell him the story of Jesus. The closing entreaty of his dream visitor was, "Will you go?"

When Coin awoke on the morning following this second dream, he could no longer refuse to go. But he had no money, and while he could walk he could not cross the great river without the ferry fee. He borrowed the money and set out. He had to inquire his way because he had never seen the place before. On the second day he arrived at the bazaar and waited as he had been directed. Then he

looked around for a big house. He soon found himself in front of a two-story dwelling belonging to a man of wealth. His first inquiry was as to whether or not there was a Christian in the house. To this the reply was, "No." Then he said to the man to whom he was talking: "Go into the house and ask well whether there is someone there who wants to know about Jesus Christ." The man went and was amazed to find one who said that he did, and this man came out at once to greet Coin, of whom he had never heard. When the story of Jesus was told, the man "believed," and with him some of his friends. And thus another little group of believers came into existence.

Coin now goes from church to church, gives his message, and tells the gospel story to those who are not yet Christians. He asks no salary, but he accepts such offerings as may be made and is glad if the church assists him on his journey to the next place. In outward appearance he is greatly improved, and of his inward change there is no doubt.

W. R. Hutton
Nowgong, Assam

The Laleh Shepherd

Laleh is a little village of about twenty-three houses. In seven of them there are no Christians at all. The others have at least one member who is a Christian. The pastor, Thra Timothy, has been working there about six years. He said that the Red Karens had been noted for being very bad, and no one had been able to continue work among them. Six years ago he had decided that he would go wherever the Lord wanted him to go. The way had opened to Laleh, and so he had settled there.

Having been given a small piece of ground, he built his own house and a very small chapel near by. Slowly the people came to listen to him and a group were baptized. Two years ago he decided they needed a new chapel and with the help of the villagers, both Christian and non-Christian, he cut down some trees and made them into lumber. The Church is rough, as compared to church buildings in America, but when one thinks of what the pastor had to contend with, and the fact that no more than sixty-five dollars went into it, it is beautiful.

Thra Timothy gets a salary of three dollars a month from the evangelistic fund for Loikaw. His church gives him a little rice, and he keeps a few chickens and pigs. He has a wife and three daughters. The oldest is about thirteen and is in school in Loikaw. Although his general appearance is quiet and unassuming, Thra Timothy is a keen and effective worker. He is very much interested in the school at Loikaw and is trying to persuade the people to think of it as their school and their responsibility.

GRACE R. SEAGRAVE, M.D.
Loikaw, Burma

EPILOGUE

"And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember
How once our Lord poured out his soul for us,
And in the prime of His mysterious manhood
Gave up His precious life upon the cross!
The Lord of Lords, by whom the world was made,
Through bitter grief and tears gave us—the best He had."

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

"And is our best too much?" Here is a missionary who says that our present best is not enough. The needs are overwhelming. Many must go unmet—through lack of equipment, but chiefly through lack of numbers, a staff large enough to carry the load.

No one who sees the missionary at his task in today's world doubts that he is giving his best. And since it is his best, even when he goes down in the unequal struggle, he has a quiet confidence, as Martin England says, that his "failing may have something of the quality and final triumph of the failure of Another."

If only we here at home—more of us—could catch something of this spirit and give the best we have! Nothing else is worthy and nothing else will do. And if only we would give it, believing with the missionaries that our inadequate best freely given would, like the loaves and fishes, in God's economy be enough even for the needs still unmet—well, that would mark a new day in the world mission of Christ.

—The Editor

Needs Still Unmet

A Kachin preacher and I came at the end of a long hard day's walk to a little village far up in the mountains on the border between Burma and China. When the people had given us supper they told us a child was dangerously sick in another village nearby, and that the parents had been waiting for our coming. In the dark, we climbed the trail along the mountainside to the home where a ten-year old girl was lying on a dirty mat. While she was still conscious they had given her the simple brews of roots and

bark, the only medicines they knew. After that, they had simply waited and prayed, a whole week long. If they had been animists like their neighbors, they would have beaten gongs and shot guns to frighten away the evil spirits causing the illness, or else they would have killed a cow or a pig or a chicken to appease them. But they trusted the God of the Christians and hoped the teacher might bring some medicine to heal their only daughter.

We prayed, the preacher and I, and then we worked. Far into the night, drop by drop through the clenched teeth of the delirious girl, we gave the stimulants and drugs we had brought. The father and mother sat watching, silently, hopefully. After a long while there seemed to be some improvement, and since we had another long day's journey ahead of us, I left instructions and went for a few hours of sleep. In the morning before we left, I came back and found the girl apparently a little better.

We went on to the next village where a crowd of people had gathered for the Sunday meetings. In the midst of the service, a man came with the news that the girl had died.

I have picked this incident out of a great number of experiences that come to my mind because I think you ought to know something of the failures in mission work. We come home most of the time to talk about our successes, and rightly so, but we do not always succeed. I am not a doctor, but I cannot say to the man lying ill of pneumonia or malaria, "I am sorry, but my training did not include medicine." I am not a trained agriculturalist, but I must not say to the people living forever in the shadow of famine, "I cannot help you make your land more productive." I am not an architect, but it is not a sufficient answer to the people who want to build a house of worship to say, "That is not my calling, find someone else." I must help, because the people who have all these needs have had even less chance than I to learn how to meet them.

Five members of the Burma mission have recently been stricken down in the midst of active service. Most of us have thought it was due to overwork. These friends of ours

did work hard, some of them too hard, but work alone does not break men and women. They find too much zest in it for that. But the needs around them which they cannot meet do break their hearts and bodies. The cry of the hungry they cannot feed, the pain they cannot heal, the young eager minds they cannot lead out into a wider understanding of life's beauty and wonder, the hands they cannot train to useful skills—these break missionaries. We have heard much of free peoples robbed of their liberty. I hope you will believe me when I say that many a missionary in Africa and the East agonizes under the burden of a subject race who are as eager for freedom as are Europeans or Americans.

In our clumsy, feeble way we do what we can and pass on. We try to lift the level of a life here, heal a body there, rescue a mind from darkness, and then go on to the next village, because of needs there, too. Rather, some of us go on, but from time to time there are those whose tired hearts and tired bodies can go no further: like Cope and Smith and Josif, like Grace Maine and Mrs. Case, they lie down to rest beside the path. And all our successes, measured beside the great needs yet unmet, seem only failure. But we have this sustaining faith, that our failing may have something of the quality and final triumph of the failure of Another, the One who gave up his burden and stopped to rest his tired body beside a mountain path in the long ago.

J. Martin England
Bhamo, Burma

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